canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtands in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neyther; but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kinde a father; bee my horſes ready?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about them; the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole, Yes, thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; monſter, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene olde, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweete heauen! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad; are the Horſes ready?

Seruant. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut ſhorter.

Exit.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan meetes him.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you ſir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutcheſſe will be here with him to night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Curan.

Curan. Nay I know not, you haue heard of I meane the whiſperd ones, for there are yet b guments.

Baſt. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. You may then in time, fare you wel

Baſt. The Duke be here to night! the bett it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe, my fathe take my brother, & I haue one thing of a que

Enter Edgar.

muſt aske breefeneſſe and fortune helpe; br cend brother I ſay, my father watches, O flie gence is giuen where you are hid, you haue uantage of the night, haue you not ſpoken *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing ſaid gainſt the Duke of *Albaney*, aduiſe your——

Edg. I am ſure on't not a word.

Baſtard. I heare my father comming, par muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeeme to def quit you well, yeeld, come before my father flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell; on me would beget opinion of my more fier ſeene drunkards do more then this in ſport; ſtop, no helpe?

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Baſt. Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharp ling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moon cious Miſtris.

Gloſt. But where is he?

Baſt Looke ſir, I bleed.

Gloſt. Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*

Baſt. Fled this way ſir, when by no meane

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes,

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murder of your I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, gainſt Pa